Questions and Answers

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and three cards face down. B demands to see the whole hand. A bets openers is enough.—C. T. H.

Answer—A is right. If B wants to see what A drew he must call the hand. All he is entitled to see is that A had a right to open the pot.

Question—A and B have raised each other three times, each having made a two-card draw; C trailing. After the third raise C boosts it and both A and B ask how many cards he drew. The dealer at once says, "Why, he stood pat, you boobs!" whereupon both A and B refuse to call C. What penalty can be enforced against the dealer for giving this information as to the draw?—H. H. K.

Answer—Unfortunately, none, under the present laws of the game. There should be a poker law like that in bridge, which would require the person making remarks that affect the score to pay the losses on the deal.

Question—Why should a player whose card is faced in the draw have to wait until all the others are helped before it is replaced instead of getting another card at once?—M. T.

Answer—The law was made to prevent a dishonest player from purposely altering the run of the cards by turning one up as if by accident, when it was really done intentionally. This was an old trick with gamblers who played what is called the "top stock."

Question—Is there any way of finding out just what are the exact odds against a pair of deuces being beaten before the draw if there are only two men in the "top stocks"?

Question—Is there any way of finding out just what are the exact odds against a pair of deuces being beaten before the draw if there are only two men in the pot?—H. McF.

Answer—Philpots gives all these figures. According to his tables, it is even betting against such a hand being beaten, while it would be 11 to 1 against a pair of aces being beaten.

FIVE HUNDRED

Question—We are anxious to get the rules for auction 500. How often can a player raise her own bid?—Mrs. G.

Answer—If you invented the game you will have to make your own rules for it. In 500, when properly played, each person has only one bid. This cannot well be improved upon.

SKAT

Question—Are guckis now generally played in suit, or only grands?—B. G.

Answer—Outside of the Skat League tournament now everything is a gucki.

Persons wishing answers by mail should send full name, as initials and address do not reach. R. E. H., 395 Broadway, please note.

I DOUBT IT

Question—In this game, how many cards must be shown?—W. B.

Answer—The cards are not shown. Three cards are laid on the table, face down, and named, but the name may be a misrepresentation. They are not turned face up unless some player doubts the statement.

RUSSIAN BANK

Question—If a player has more than one card face up on the top of his stock, some of which have been placed there by his opponent, may he extend these cards to see just what they are, or are there any conditions limiting his right to do so?—W. H. G.

Answer—The cards on the stock come under the head of "discards," as they are cards turned up and not placed on the tableau or the foundations. If these are on the stock, they come under the same rule as cards on the discard pile. If the player extends them, he does so on condition that his opponent also shall see all of them.

Dr. Dolittle's Journey

Continued from preceding page

lives were saved. The Doctor and Speedy-the-Skimmer had only just arrived in time.

In a little while the Goo-Goos came timidly out of the wrecks of their homes, and then John Dolittle made a speech to them.

"People of Goo-Goo Land," said he, "you have to-day been rescued from a great and terrible danger. And it was these little green birds you see about you here that saved you—the same birds that, in spite of your Chief's orders, you shot and trapped to make hats out of. They came to me on my arrival in your land and complained. And, seeing no other way would bring you to your senses, I told them to stop doing the useful work which they do for you all their lives. That work is the eating of flies and insects. I hoped when you should see what happens when that work is stopped that you would realize how foolish you have been in killing them. Do you realize it now?"

Then all the wives who had wanted to be New Women rose up and shouted:

"We do, we do!"

"I am glad of that," said the Doctor. "Do you promise that the Green-breasted Martin shall for all time be safe and unharmed in your land?"

"We do, we do!" shouted the Goo-Goos. "The Green-breasted Martins who saved our lives this day shall be a sacred bird in Goo-Goo Land forever! Woe to any one who touches a feather of the Sacred Martin! May the Fifty-nine Curses of Hullagoozelum fall upon his head!"

Then the Chief, in a deep, bass voice, began reciting the Fifty-nine dread Curses of Hullagoozelum for the benefit of any one who should henceforth molest a martin:

"May his hammock strings break in the dead of night, letting him fall into the deepest mud. May he, when he rests beneath the palm at noon, have hard and knobby cocoanuts descend upon his head. May he"——

"That will do, please," the Doctor interrupted. "You can recite the rest of the fifty-nine after I'm gone. I see that many of your community have been severely bitten by the flies. If those of you who wish for medical treatment will come down to my ship your injuries will be attended to."

Then the Doctor and his animals moved off toward the river. And all the Goo-Goos followed him, murmuring to one another:

"Truly he must be a great man whom the very birds obey—greater by far than the white woman who was insolent to chiefs, a disturber of the peace and a fake magician, leading us astray."

And now for many hours John Dolittle, M. D., was kept more than busy attending to fly-bitten Goo-Goos. His supply of witch hazel, bay rum, boracic acid, ammonia and bicarbonate of soda soon ran out. And he had to get herbs from the jungle and boil them down and make more lotions for his many patients.

It was halfway through the night before he was done, and he was very weary. But the Goo-Goos, after his treatment, were feeling as fit as fiddles. The Doctor then set to helping them rebuild their homes. These, being of straw, were quickly repaired.

Then a feast was made ready by the Chief's wives in honor of the Doctor, and everybody sat down, and there was much laughter and merriment.

John Dolittle noticed that one of the dishes of the feast was boiled corn on the cob. And, turning to the Chief, he asked if they grew much corn in his country.

"Yes," said the Chief. "It is our most important food. Beyond those trees there we have many wide cornfields."

"The Adventures of Dr. Dolittle" will be continued in the Magazine Section of next Sunday's Tribune

Marty McMahon on Poets

By ROBERT B. PECK

"THERE has been times," remarked Marty McMahon, the retired bartender, "when I seen 'em lined up three deep in front o' the bar about this time o' year, swearin' off. What I want to know is, what's become of all the swear-offs that used to be made January 1 and are we better off fer not havin' 'em, or was we better off when he had 'em?

"It seems to me like we was better off when we had 'em. They was fakes, of course; everybody knew they was fakes, even the birds that was doin' the swearin' off. The question is, ain't it better fer a bird to kid himself fer a little while that if he wants to swear off he can, than to go along never thinkin' about improvin' himself at all?

"I got that line from a poet that used to hang around the old place on Tenth Avenue and buy a round o' drinks, too, when he sold a poem. There didn't seem to be no great market fer his poems, but a bird that spends all his spare time an' all his cash on Tenth Avenue can't expect to be no poet laureate.

"He had too much sense to amount to much as a poet, anyhow, judgin' at least from such poetry as I've read an' heard, which includes 'The Face on the Barroom Floor,' a piece that I've heard some pretty wise guys speak very high of. Most of it sounds like it was written by nuts an' meant to be read by nuts.

"There always seem to be nuts enough to buy the real nutty stuff, but a bird that tries to put a little sense into his poetry has a hard time. That was the main trouble with this guy. He was nutty enough about some things to suit anybody—he insisted there was all the poetry anybody could use in a lifetime right on Tenth an' Seventh avenues, an' that slaughter houses had ought to make just as good poetry as cathedrals, if you could find the words to fit 'em.

"Now, that was as looney talk as you could expect from any up-to-date poet that demands cash in advance before he'll write a line. The trouble was, this bard insisted also that poems had ought to rhyme or, anyhow, kinda run along smooth.

"It seems that stuff is all outa date an' the birds that usta hand it out—Shakespeare an' Tennyson an' them other foreigners—simply showed their ignorance an' wasn't no real sports at all, as has been proved now by the fact that poetry hadn't oughta rhyme, an' the rougher and more splintery the lines are the better poetry it is.

"This fella done pretty good, at that, for a time, an' they got to callin' him 'The Slaughter House Poet,' which pleased him a lot an' sold seven or eight poems for him after the poems got into the papers once in connection with him accidentally catchin' a baby that fell off a fire escape.

'He had sold poems two weeks in succession an' brought in a check for another on a Saturday night an' when I cashed it I seen it was for $70, which is more than any poem is worth an' I told him so. He said nothing then, but after the second drink he told me. It seems he had sold the poem to a highbrow magazine an' the editor had taken it an' cut the lines in half and hitched the wrong halves together, or else the printer had, an' there didn't no two lines rhyme an' there wasn't no two anywhere near the same length. That was what they paid him $70 for.

"He took the money, but he said it had soured him of poetry an' he was goin' to swear off. He done it, too, I guess, fer I never seen him again on Tenth Avenue."

Three Paris Maids

Continued from page eight

Mimi, the *gosse*, is far more fortunate than Marceline. She is very pretty, with large, innocent cornflower eyes, framed in long black lashes; a fluffy mass of golden curls, a small, red-lipped bud of a mouth and a softly rounded chin. She is something of a goose—a pretty little goose. She has, however, enough intelligence to adopt a pose that, combined with pulchritude, has won the hearts and purses of the colony of wealthy American artists and of a whole American family which spent last spring and summer in Paris. This pose consists in playing the kid. She claims to be only a child, knowing nothing of the vices of life—not even powdering her nose. "*Je suis gosse!*" she says, and she opens wide her large, innocent blue eyes. She carries about with her all the time a child's magazine called "Fillette." I asked her one day why she carried it and she answered: "So that people will know that I am only a child—a baby!"

Mimi, like Marceline, is homeless and parentless, and like her, too, she has a decided aversion for making a livelihood in that age-old profession for women. Unlike her, however, she goes even a step further, and dislikes also the idea of an *ami*. In short, Mimi has dreams of marrying some day—possibly an American millionaire. These ambitions are no doubt due to the fact that she is dainty and pretty and well mannered, not at all like Marceline, uncouth, plain and peasantlike. Then, too, is she not favorite of her wealthy American artists, who pay her the fabulous sum of 25 francs for three hours of posing—"for the head only"? And does she not receive the prettiest clothes from her American family? And do they not intend taking her back to America with them and start her in a shop, making hats—or trying them on—it doesn't matter which, since she can do both equally well?

Aside from the shrewdness that makes Mimi adopt the protective pose of the *gosse*, she is not overly bright. She is the child in intelligence, although far more sophisticated than she can ever be brought to admit. I do not say this maliciously. She is not a hypocrite—that is, she is really "good" in our sense of the word. But I know of no French girl who does not know the whys and wherefores of life. She is no exception, although she pretends otherwise. At every worldly remark that may be made within her hearing she puckers up her eyebrows very prettily in a mock effort to understand, and then shrugs her shoulders and says, "*Mais, je ne comprends pas! Je suis gosse!*"

Among the many other French girls I met in Paris Jeanne is worthy of mention. Jeanne was of good family. She was young, pretty and dowered—in short, she was eligible. She was carefully chaperoned by a bourgeois mother, who anxiously arranged her frock and her trinkets every few seconds.

Jeanne, though quite decorous when mamma's eyes were upon her, was rather a wicked little flirt at other times. In fact, to tell the truth, Jeanne was just as anxious to marry as her mother was anxious to have her married. Think of what an achievement it would be to have some man marry her dowry, so that she could go to parties without mamma! The Frenchwoman of the upper middle class leads a restricted and severe life before marriage, and therefore Jeanne could not help but look forward to the freedom she would obtain with a husband.

You must not imagine that Jeanne was wild. She was not! But she was like any other normal, healthy, spirited, clever girl. She was better balanced than our own flappers, because her sophistication gave her poise. She understood life, and consequently herself, better than the flapper does, and she was already well on the way toward achieving what she wanted.